

## The Critic

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### Authors at Home.\* XI.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (UNCLE REMUS) AT ATLANTA.†

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS is at home in a neat cottage of the familiar Southern type, which nestles near the bosom of a grove of sweet gum and pine trees in the little village of West Point, about three miles from the heart of the 'Southern Chicago,' as Georgians delight to call Atlanta. In the grove a mocking-bird family sings. Around the house are a few acres of ground which are carefully cultivated. In one corner graze a group of beautiful Minerva-eyed Jerseys. At one side of the house hives of bees are placed near a flower garden sloping down to the street, which passes in front of the house several rods distant. At the foot of the road is a bubbling mineral spring, whose sparkling water supplies the needs of the household. A superb English mastiff eyes with dignified glance the casual visitor whose coming is apt to be announced by the bark of two of the finest dogs in the country, one a bulldog, the other a white English bull-terrier. Mr. Harris's neighbors are few, but one who is his closest friend calls for mention. It is Mr. Evan P. Howell, whose manor is across the way. He is a member of a distinguished Georgia family, whose name is known at the North through Howell Cobb, a former Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Howell himself has become known to the general public as having declined the Manchester Consulate to retain his present position as chief editor and owner of the *Atlanta Constitution*, in whose pages, by Mr. Howell's persuasion, Uncle Remus made his first appearance. The interior of the cottage is simple and unassuming. Bric-a-brac and trumpery 'articles of bigotry and virtue' are absent. The places they generally occupy are taken up with wide windows and generous hearths. Of literary litter there is none. There are few books, but they have been read and re-read, and they are the best of books. The house is not a library, a museum, nor an art-gallery, but it is evidently a home in which children take the place of inanimate objects of devotion.

It is natural that Mr. Harris's home should be simple, and call for little elaborate description. He was born and brought up among simple, sincere people, whose wants were few, whose tastes were easily satisfied, whose lives were natural and untainted by any such influences as make for cerebral hyperæmia, or other neurasthenic complaints incidental, as Dr. Hammond says, to modern city life. The village of Eatonton in Middle Georgia was Mr. Harris's birth-place. Since Mr. Henry Watterson, in his book on Southern humor, and other writers, have made Mr. Harris an older man than he really is, it is well to state as 'official'

that he was born on the 9th of December, 1848. Eatonton is a small town now, but it was smaller then. It was surrounded by plantations, and on one of these Mr. Harris spent his earliest years as other Southern children do. At six he began to read. Among the first of his literary acquaintances was the delightful 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The boy's schooling was such as reading the best of the authors of the periods of Queen Anne and the Georges, and a few terms at the Eatonton Academy, could give. He read his text-books but was bitterly opposed to getting them by heart. When he was about twelve years old an incident occurred which shaped his whole life. The Eatonton Postmaster kept a sort of general store—the 'country store' of New England,—and its frequenters were at liberty to read the copies of the *Milledgeville* and other rural papers which were taken by subscribers. In one of these, *The Countryman*, young Harris found that it was edited by a Mr. Turner, whose acquaintance he had made not very long before, and he thrilled with the thought that he knew a real editor. Finding that a boy was wanted he wrote for the place, secured it, and soon learned all that was to be gathered in so small an office. In addition to this acquirement of knowledge, by the permission of Mr. Turner, he had access to a library of three thousand volumes, which he read under the judicious guidance of their owner. Among these books he lived for several years in the very heart of the agricultural region, and he pondered over his reading to the music of the clicking types, with the scamper of the cat-squirrels over the roof and the patter of the acorns dropped by the jay-birds. For amusement he hunted rabbits with a pack of half-bred harriers, or listened to the tales of the plantation negro who was there to be found in primitive perfection of type. It was on the Turner plantation that the original Uncle Remus told his stories to the little boy. So it was that he absorbed the wonderfully complete stores of knowledge of the negro which have since given him fame. He heard the negro's stories and enjoyed them, observed his characteristics and appreciated them. Time went on. The printer boy set type, read books, hunted rabbits, 'possums and foxes, was seized with an ambition to write, and had begun to do so when Sherman's army went, marching through Georgia. Slocum's corps was reviewed by Harris sitting astride a fence. This parade left the neighborhood in chaos, and young Harris and *The Countryman* took a long vacation. At last peace and quiet and the issue of *The Countryman* were restored. But the paper had had its day.

Mr. Harris was now a full-fledged compositor, and he set his 'string' of the *Macon Daily Telegraph* for some months. Then he left to go to New Orleans as the private-secretary of the editor of *The Crescent Monthly*. This position was not arduous, and Mr. Harris found time to write bright paragraphs for the city press at about the same time that George W. Cable was trying his hand at the same kind of work. *The Crescent Monthly* soon waned, and with its end Mr. Harris found himself back in Georgia as editor of the *Forsyth Advertiser*, which was and is one of the most influential weekly papers in Georgia. He was not only editor, but he set most of the type, worked off the edition on a hand-press, and wrapped and directed his papers for the mail. His editorials here, directed against certain abuses in the State, were widely copied for their pungent criticism and bubbling humor. They attracted the attention of Colonel W. T. Thompson, author of 'Major Jones's Courtship,' who was then editor of the *Savannah Daily News*, and he offered Mr. Harris a place on his staff. It was accepted. This was in 1871. In 1873 Mr. Harris was married. He remained in Savannah until September, 1876, when the yellow-fever epidemic caused him to go up in the mountains to Atlanta, where he became an editor of the *Constitution*. At that time the paper was beginning to make a more-than-local reputation by the humorous negro dialect sketches by Mr. S. W. Small, under the name of 'Old Si.' Shortly after Mr. Harris's arrival Mr. Small left the *Consti-*

\* Copyright, 1884, by J. L. & J. B. Gilder. All rights reserved. Previously Published: Mr. Whittier at Amesbury, by Mrs. H. P. Spofford, Nov. 1. Mr. Burroughs at Esopus, by R. Riordan, Nov. 22. Mr. Curtis at West Brighton, by G. P. Lathrop, Dec. 6. Dr. Holmes in Beacon Street, by A. W. Rollins, Jan. 3 and 10. Mark Twain at 'Nook Farm,' by C. H. Clark, Jan. 17. George Bancroft at Washington, by B. G. Levejoy, Feb. 7. Walt Whitman at Camden, by G. Selwyn, Feb. 28. C. D. Warner at Hartford, by J. H. Twitchell, March 14. T. W. Higginson, by G. W. Cooke, March 28. Mrs. Jackson (H. H.) at Colorado Springs, by A. W. Rollins, April 25.

† To be concluded May 23.

tution to engage in another enterprise, and the proprietors, in their anxiety to replace one of the most attractive features of their paper, turned to Mr. Harris for aid. He was required to furnish two or three sketches a week. He took an old negro with whom he had been familiar on the Turner place, and made him chief spokesman in several character sketches. Their basis was the projection of the old-time negro against the new condition of things brought about by the War.

ERASTUS BRAINERD.

### Reviews

#### "Society in London."\*

EVERY one claiming to be in London society will eagerly glance over the pages of the latest literary sensation, 'Society in London,' to find what place has been allotted him, and having satisfied this not unnatural curiosity to his own satisfaction or disgust, as the case may be, will in more leisurely spirit proceed to criticise the criticiser. To begin with, one may dismiss any idea of the 'foreign resident' existing, save as the thinnest possible disguise for the essentially English writer of the book, the whole tone of which points to a society journalist, or one or more persons connected with that branch of literature, as the author or authors; also, as the *Daily Telegraph* puffs itself more than any journal in England, the startling announcement which is here found that 'it made Mr. Gladstone' at once suggests the possibility that some of its staff may have contributed to the book. The royal family are treated with extreme tenderness. If it pleases the author to become known, he need fear no penalties from high quarters for anything he has said; but his rather restricted definition of society 'as being the social area of which the Prince of Wales is personally cognizant, within the limits of which he visits,' will undoubtedly call for remonstrance from more than one great family name known to history, but excluded from the foreign resident's social list. Nor, we think, would a very large number assent to the assertion that his Royal Highness's fondness for a good sermon is the reason why they attend divine service.

The author is very happy in some of his expressions; particularly when he applies the term 'benevolent despot' to the Prince of Wales, and the still more applicable one—'tame cat' to the Prince's familiar, Mr. Christopher Sykes. The further description of that gentleman, as being 'no fool, but on the contrary a hard-headed Yorkshireman who has deliberately chosen his *métier*, and sticks to it,' is eloquent to those who know what that *métier* is. It has been claimed for the book that no malice exists in it, but one or two descriptions, notably that of the German Ambassador, Count Munster, show at least that no admiration is wasted upon the originals. We fear the foreign resident was never asked to one of those 'bad dinners' and 'dullest of evening parties' at the embassy in Carleton House Terrace which he so rashly describes. As to the Karolyis, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador and his wife, why they are to be seen to 'better advantage' in the mansion (why not house?) of Lord Breadalbane, we cannot quite see, since they are to be met in all the agreeable drawing-rooms of London. It is probably a mistake of the types when the Danish minister is called 'de Falk,' as the name is de Falbe. His wife, as Mrs. Gerard Leigh, was a universal favorite. The Spanish Minister will hardly appreciate being mentioned principally for his 'affairs of the heart,' when this is followed by the statement that he has—'not without a sigh of regret—bidden adieu to the amorous dalliance of his prime,' as he is still one of the handsomest and most sought-after of men. In mentioning the diplomatists a most astonishing oversight has been committed, for the Brazilian Minister, Baron de Penedo, and his charming wife are omitted altogether from the list. For years past their dinners have

been acknowledged to be amongst the best given, both as to menu and selection of the guests, and their evening parties, necessarily small, for the house in Grosvenor Gardens is not large, are also most select; almost always attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, as well as other Royalties, and the 'smartest' people in London. For American readers the word 'smart' should perhaps be explained, as its English significance is quite different from its meaning here. In London jargon it is used to describe those individuals who are the best dressed, the most fashionable, the most 'swell'—to use another slang word in illustration. Another patent mistake is the allusion to Lord Ripon's house as a centre of the Catholic society. It is only a few years since Lord Ripon joined the church of Rome, part of which time he has spent in India, and although Lady Ripon's parties are amongst the pleasantest in London, her guests are certainly never confined to Catholics, nor is the majority composed of them. The criticism upon Lord Wolseley is more just than those which have lately fallen to his share; but the remark that Lady Salisbury never crosses the threshold of a Whig, is absurd. Her daughter has married the eldest son of the Lord Chancellor, and it is hardly to be supposed that no intercourse exists between the families.

The 'foreigner' who wrote the following sentence has a very subtle and discriminating brain: 'Do not suppose that the conversational license which society in London sanctions and stimulates is indiscriminately allowed to any one who chooses to claim it. You must be a chartered libertine in the possession of a certificate duly given to you by society first. Almost anything may be said. Almost any story, however *risqué*, may be told. Almost any allusion, however delicate, may be ventured on, if the person venturing upon it has received, so to speak, the necessary commission from the right authorities. Two things are indispensable. One, that the lady or gentleman indulging in this lively vein should know the idiosyncrasies of his company; the other, that he should be known by them—known, that is, as *bien vu* in high places.' Such intimate knowledge of his subject as the above paragraph indicates, should never have been compromised by an expression in the book which savors of a rank outsider from the exclusive society described, since no one in the Prince's set would ever speak of her ladyship 'and her lord.' The generalities throughout are good, such as speaking of society's 'alternate subservience to and defiance of the proprieties,' and its being in many ways 'credulous and simple at the same time that it is thoroughly heartless.' It is, in a word, with English society as it is with English politics. The principles of tradition and discipline are in perpetual conflict with those of liberty and the right of private judgment. Also with comparatively public characters the author is successful, but with many little characteristics of private ones he often signally fails; and we could name several, both men and women, who, whilst looking in vain for their names in 'Society in London,' will feel, and rightly, that it is an unkind fate which has left out any mention of their hospitable efforts in entertaining, and their undoubted right to a place in 'society.'

Is it the 'pride that apes humility' which suggests the expression 'humble journalist' to our 'foreign resident' in his chapter upon *littérateurs* in society—and journalism? or does that expression perhaps lend weight to the opinion that the press furnished the author? Lord Tennyson is the first mentioned of men-of-letters, but is dismissed with scant notice, as 'very seldom seen in any section of London society.' He is not now very often seen, but was at one time a frequent guest at the late Dean Stanley's, and is still a welcome and honored one at Frogmore, Princess Christian being one of his warmest admirers. Had an American written 'Society in London' he would certainly at this point have mentioned the Poet Laureate's enthusiastic, and often expressed, admiration for Mr. Longfellow both as man and poet. Mr. Browning, 'the poet of incomprehensi-

\* Society in London. By a Resident Foreigner. 25 cts. New York: Harper's Franklin Square Library.



ble mannerism, the taste for whose writing in England is probably to be explained in the same way as the popularity of double acrostics, and who 'lives for society, and in society,' has all his alleged weaknesses exposed, even to the fact that rather than not shine at all, he will shine in very curious regions, the dwellers in which see in the representatives of genius honoring their particular world, 'connecting links between their own *bourgeois* orbit and the sphere of what is called society.' Mr. Browning is called 'a courtier and parasite by profession, and a poet and man of letters by achievement,' and is accused of possessing the vanity and irritability characteristic of the race of bards.' Mr. Matthew Arnold is more tenderly handled in some respects, but is described as abounding in 'affectations, conceits, and vanity,' which at the same time 'rather heighten than detract from the charm of the man,' and of him it is prophesied that 'fifty years hence it will be forgotten that he ever wrote prose at all' whilst 'much of his verse has the stamp of immortality.' Mr. Lecky receives 'honorable mention' but nothing more. Mr. Froude and Mr. Kinglake are named together; the former as 'the first of living writers of English prose,' whose manner in society, however, is thought to be 'a little too gentle and a little too feline,' whilst the sternness of expression in the neighborhood of the lips causes one to suspect that the 'elaborate gentleness and studied suavity are the veil of an implacable resentment when it is once excited, and of a contempt for, and disbelief in, human nature at large.' Mr. Kinglake is described as 'venerable and chivalrous,' and as having seen every sort of society in London and in Europe. Mr. Laurence Oliphant was, the 'foreign resident' thinks, intended by nature for 'a publicist, a social satirist, an author of clever sketches and stories of the world, or of *jeux d'esprit*,' whereas 'a curious twist in his temperament and a yearning after notoriety made him a sort of Pall-Mall Messiah.' Mr. Hamilton Aidé is called a 'drawing-room writer,' and Mr. Augustus Hare is accused of writing and speaking 'for a select public, chiefly composed of dowagers and spinsters of mature years.' Mr. Mallock is not mentioned, although essentially a society man, as well as author; and Mr. Henry James is also treated with severe silence, yet we doubt if he ever dines at home, so great a favorite is he socially. Of literary ladies, the Honorable Mrs. Singleton ('Violet Fane') is the only one alluded to.

#### The Poems of Praed.\*

PRÆD was one of the first and most fluent of those spangled-winged butterflies which the fashionable critics dub writers of *vers de société*, album verses, occasional sproutings of a dainty and capricious muse in newspaper corners. A 'corner in the muses' they undoubtedly form, and one very essential to our existence! For how should we exist nowadays without these fringes to our day, these gossamer tapestries spun out of elfin looms in our library crannies, these embroideries to the workaday toil and moil of life? Would not EXISTENCE loom up in capital letters before us as an impassable wall utterly bereft of crossing-places or resting-places where one might stop an instant and breathe and convalesce from carking cares? But when the Prince in *Dornröschen* comes; when the magic vine begins to climb the castle-walls and entangle it with petals and tendrils and leaves; when the king a-slumber, and even the scullion, begin to wake and rub their humid eyes, and even the flies begin to crawl on the wall after their hundred-year sleep, and the fish to fry in the enchanted pan—all at the touch of that Prince of the Tower of the Air,—then Existence with the largest of E's becomes tolerable. Poetry is our scaling-ladder, and Praed is one of the 'thieves in the night' that help us over the wall.

One might say that Praed's life was a series of happy

episodes and 'linked sweetnesses' (alas, not 'long drawn out!'), beginning with Eton towers, passing to Trinity College, Cambridge, and winding up with over-work in Parliament. Through it all travelled the thin, fine thread of verse, from the Greek epigrams and Latin hendecasyllabics which he threw off so felicitously in his teens, to the charming and brilliant society pictures, crowded with point and satire and humor, which form his 'bloom-time' (as the Germans say) in the 'Poems of Life and Manners,' written when he was tutorially employed at Eton in 1826-32. The difference that strikes one on comparing his work with that of our later occasionalists (to invent a term not without propriety) is that he is less ingenious than they; his note is more pervasively melancholy; eye-bright and love-in-idleness may be there, but there are also tricky drops that may turn at any moment into tears. Another difference is that fashion now has rendered very familiar to us those lovely old French verse-forms on which our contemporaries stretch their metres as on silken threads, revealing to us the spidery reticulations and skeleton of the thought. Praed, on the other hand, deals little in this exquisite architecture of rhyme and counter-rhyme, line cotillioning to line and stanza linked to stanza by melodious recurrences. His verse is the finished verse of a man-of-the-world and a scholar who writes with classic elegance and choiceness, fastidious about his phrases to the last degree, and yet full of easy sprightliness and wit. He is far more concerned about the substance of what he has to say than about the form, and he is not in the least imitative. 'Come and hear a man who sings exactly like a nightingale!' said one of the ancients. 'But,' replied the other, 'I have heard the nightingale itself!' There is more in Praed's verse than there is in any number of imitative nightingales and poetic mocking-birds. The quintessence of the man to our mind is found in the 'Poems of Life and Manners' that occupy about ninety pages in this pleasant reprint. In these pages there are but two or three changes of metre; and yet what versatility, fineness of observation, quaintness, truth! There are people to whom all the world's a stage. Praed was one of these fortunate by-standers and 'chiels takkin' notes,' and his memorandum-book is replete with spectatorial experience. He has overheard the gossip of old maids, listened to the talk at watering-places, heard the beatings of the vicar's heart, and been on intimate terms with the *monde* of balls and private theatricals. Fragments of this fragile yet piquant experience he has wrought up into rhymes that palpitate with fun or glow with bonhomie. He is up to all the tricks of the yellow-locked maids, and he sees through a dandy's waistcoat as if it were glass. How else could he describe so perfectly what lies behind these locks and waistcoats? He was gathered to the gods in his prime, at thirty-six or -seven, and yet he has left enough behind him to make his position a very distinct one in English literature. That such a bee could buzz about Wordsworth's bonnet, that such a Puck could cut capers and spit fire in the very face of ponderous Southey, speaks well for the highly 'domesticated' state of the human species, and opens new possibilities of co-existence in the future.

#### From the Pulpit.\*

THE five volumes whose titles are grouped, alphabetically, below represent four distinct types of preaching. Dr. Mercer's studies of 'Bible Characters' (1) are manifestly the growth of a large, calm mind, with profound human sympathies but unswerving moral judgments; accustomed to study the Bible men in long meditation, finding in them the

\* 1. Bible Characters. Being Selections from the Sermons of Alexander Gardiner Mercer, D.D. 2s. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

2. Lamps and Paths. By Theodore T. Munger. 2s. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

3. Sermons by Bishop Matthew Simpson. Edited by George R. Crooks, D.D. New York: Harper & Bros.

4. The Gospel and the Age. Sermons on Special Occasions. By W. C. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough. 2s. New York: T. Whittaker.

5. The Reality of Faith. By Newman Smyth. 2s. 50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* The Poems of Winthrop M. Praed. Revised and complete edition. With a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. 2s. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

interest which life always inspires; marked by an imagination which can comprehend strange surroundings, and yet by a practical wisdom which can make the strange yield fruitful lessons for the familiar. Maurice and Robertson have both done work like this. Dr. Mercer is more definite than Maurice, but his thoughts do not run on such broad lines. He thinks, not more of the individual, perhaps, but less of the organic whole—the community, the nation, the church. He has not the keen analysis of Robertson, nor his intensity. Yet his thought and style have power of their own—quieting, strengthening, and uplifting. A memoir by Manton Marble is prefixed to the sermons. Mr. Munger (2) and Dr. Smyth (5) represent another type, more influenced by the movements of the age, and eagerly responsive to them. Mr. Munger's volume is, however, not the most characteristic he has published. It has appeared before, but is now somewhat enlarged. It consists mainly of brief sermons to children, and these are wholesome and helpful. The simplicity which marks them appears also in the closing discourse, on 'Home and Character,' which is also wholesome, if not specially striking. The whole is pervaded by a desire to so represent spiritual truth as to make it real and significant to those who hear it spoken. The same desire characterizes Dr. Smyth's book. 'One of our easily besetting sins as religious thinkers and teachers is the sin of nominalism in theology.' Names come to do duty for things, and we forget that it is the things that give all their significance to names. We must go down into ourselves, take cognizance of our own deepest and holiest experiences, learn to know truth and to know God by feeling their presence and power, and make these experiences the starting-point in our religious thinking. There is great value in this method, and it fits, in many ways, a self-questioning age. It makes much of feeling, but is fuller of thought than of emotion. Dr. Smyth himself, in his 'Old Faiths in New Light,' has indicated, with vigor and with breadth, the way in which theology may shape itself under a more vividly self-conscious experience. In the present book there are further hints in the same direction. It is perhaps the author's danger, as it is that of many earnest men, to publish too much. Unripe utterance hurts the best opinions. Preachers who think for themselves are naturally eager to communicate phases of truth that seem neglected, but their cause will gain more in the long run by the issue of fewer, and maturer, books.

When we open 'Bishop Simpson's Sermons' (3) we come into a different world. Bishop Simpson was the great orator of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There is no inquiry here—no anxious adaptation of truth to new habits of mind; there is unquestioning, impassioned insistence on phases of doctrine which derive much of their force from the authority with which they are uttered. This preacher does not seek the common ground between himself and the opposer of the truth. He beats down opposition or persuades men to abandon it. There is a downrightness and fervor about these sermons which remind us how effective they used to be. And yet, because they depend so largely on these qualities for their effect, they are not particularly instructive or suggestive sermons to read. They form an honorable memorial of a great preacher, rather than an influential book. Dr. Magee (4) has the reputation of being the most eloquent Bishop in the English Church, and although we find few impassioned appeals in his sermons, yet even as printed they carry the reader along with a strong movement from beginning to end. They are neither meditative nor rhetorical, nor dilettante; they respond to the age-impulse, but they do it in the unshaken recognition of objective truth. Their theologizing is tempered by the practical experience of a busy prelate, and by a distinct consciousness of the demands made on Christian life by special exigencies. They touch great ecclesiastical and political and scientific questions, and treat them all with a large, free handling, and yet with the conservatism of allegiance to a definite, historic faith. 'Re-

building the Wall in Troublous Times' is a wise, honest and strong sermon in view of Irish Church Disestablishment. 'The Gathering of the Vultures' is the discourse of a Christian patriot. 'The Christian Theory of the Origin of the Christian Life' was preached before the British Association. Sermons on topics like these, and others more personal, show the combination of discreetness and frankness, of facility and of firmness, which contributes so much to a prelate's honor and success.

#### Canon Fremantle on Redemption.\*

THE title of this book has a familiar sound, but in Canon Fremantle's use of it, it bears a special significance. This is evident from his definitions. 'The world' is 'the organized constitution of things in which we live,' but chiefly humanity, which . . . is its crown.' This comes into the account as seen in the family, in associations for gaining knowledge, in art, in trades and professions, in society, and in political and national life. Redemption is to affect all these. Redemption is the transformation of the world by the Christian spirit of love. The Church is 'that portion of human society which is renewed by the Christian spirit, a portion which must grow till it becomes the whole.' These are the postulates which introduce us to a discussion of remarkable breadth and of a noble tone, recognizing the inherent dignity of human affairs, rejecting nothing from the final harmony of all things except what is tainted with sin—which is essential selfishness,—and breathing hope and courage. Several lectures are concerned with a sketch of the attempts already made in the world's history to make the Church an organic whole. The lecturer does not worship the past, but he finds a true ideal underlying all such endeavors. The seventh and eighth lectures, however, on 'The Christian Basis of Human Societies' and 'Steps toward Realizing the Ideal of a Christian World,' are perhaps the most striking. Some of his utterances are bold enough to challenge attention, and strong enough to ensure the mingling of respect even with dissent. 'The organization for public worship is not itself the Church;' 'its leaders must form the most open of orders;' clericalism impedes redemption. 'Art is a religious pursuit;' it belongs to that complete development of humanity which must be contemplated by redemption. There is unconscious, or half-conscious, working at the great redemptive movement, as well as effort which is clear-eyed and recognizes itself. 'The nation is at present the highest form of the Church,' but the universal Church is to be larger and more inclusive than any national church can be. These are specimens.

Four necessary conditions determine the change of the world into the kingdom of God: (1) belief that this consummation is God's distinct purpose, and the agency human; 'the habit of adjourning our higher hopes from this world to the next has greatly interfered with their fulfilment;' (2) the conception of Christianity 'as a life, not as the holding of a series of propositions;' (3) 'the abandonment of clericalism'—that is, of 'the system which unduly exalts the clerical office;' (4) 'that those charged with the conduct of human affairs, in whatever department, should themselves recognize their office as a Christian ministry.' If we work from these principles, we may expect to see the Church becoming the world, and the world the Church. It is not implied that modern Christianity is not contemplating this end, but that it is not giving it the relative prominence due to it, which is undoubtedly true. Still, it is fair to remember that the lecturer himself is a growth of the Nineteenth Century, and that the sympathy his words will find is not created, but evoked, by his earnest conviction. The lectures have their defects. The individual is too much subordinated to the whole;—it is, after all, only one by one that men can be transformed. There is lack of precision

\* The World as the Subject of Redemption. (Bampton Lectures for 1883.) By W. H. Fremantle, Canon of Canterbury. \$4.50. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.



as to the worth and office of positive convictions of truth. There is, apparently, an occasional confounding of the realm of the spiritual with that of the material, and of the mental with the moral. But the outlook is wide, the thought vigorous, and the utterances full of germinal force. They ought to bear fruit in other minds. Much is already doing to realize them, but not enough. It ought to be the signal for larger progress when they can be spoken in such a place, and by a dignitary of the Anglican Church.

#### In Missionary Lands.\*

THE Rev. James Kennedy was for about forty years a missionary in India of the London Missionary Society. He has given us a very readable account of his experiences during that time, and also an inside view of the life and work of a missionary (1). His book is of much value as an account of India, as he writes of the people and the country much more fully than of his own experiences. He is an honest and intelligent writer, who sets forth plainly the difficulties in the way of evangelization. He does not take a rose-colored view of Christianity in India or of the work so far accomplished by the missionaries. He believes that something good has been done and that the country is slowly yielding to the better influences of Christianity and Western civilization. His accounts of the native populations of the different parts of India, of those who have embraced Christianity, of the work of practical charity done among them, and of the life and influence of the Europeans, are among the best and most intelligent we have ever read.

As an illustration of the zeal and devotion with which missionary work is being done at the present time, the life of Samuel Gobat is worthy of an attentive perusal (2). Born in French-Switzerland, of peasant parents, he studied in Germany, spent some years in Egypt and Abyssinia under the missionary society of the Anglican church, then opened a school among the Druses, and finally was appointed the Bishop of Jerusalem by the King of Prussia, being consecrated to that office in England. As the Protestant bishop in Jerusalem, under the auspices of Prussia and England, his influence was wide-extended and his work of an important nature. A man of great devotion to his work, of untiring fidelity, and of a most consecrated and loving spirit, he affords an example of the true missionary purpose of the Nineteenth Century. The account of his life up to the time of his being made a bishop was written by himself. Its simplicity and sincerity make it a notable piece of autobiographic writing.

#### "Home Studies in Nature."†

PARAPHRASING the title of this engaging volume, thus, 'Studies of Homes in Nature,' we have a not inapt characterization for Mrs. Treat's pleasant chapters on birds and insects. More than most observers in this line, she has familiarized herself with what might be termed the 'home life' of her subjects. This she has done partly by patient waiting and watching, partly by the use of stratagem, as when she allows the humming-bird, whose domicile she has been inspecting, to believe that she is afraid of him, retiring promptly before his lilliputian menacings. Again, she is ready, at the beck and call (so to speak) of an autocratic catbird, to drive away any chance feline marauder, the reward of such service being the bird's demonstrative confidence in his defender. No detail of nest-building escapes her, whether the pewee chooses to add some bits of blue egg-shell and white paper to the usual lichen decorations of her home, or a couple of wrens fix upon a swallow's nest (with the eggs in it) as the site of their own architectural operations. She observes a redbreast paterfamilias administering reproof to his progeny, and an earlier brood of bluebirds

stationed by their parents to guard a later brood—the incident exemplifying Anacreon's lines,

And the Loves who are older  
Help the young and the poor Loves.

The 'table manners' of her winter pensioners in the North are humorously described, while the birds of Florida have a chapter devoted to themselves and their social habits.

The studies of insect life are especially close and sympathetic. Whatever our previous attitude toward spiders, we now hasten to acknowledge profound admiration of the prudence as well as mechanical dexterity shown by Mrs. Treat's favorite, the 'tower-builder,' of whose methodic habits she records as follows: 'When cool enough for a fire, if I set the jar near the stove, she places the eggs on the side next to the stove; if I turn the jar around, she soon moves the cocoon around to the warm side, letting it hang outside the walls of her tower.' Along with Thoreau's famous chronicle of the Battle of the Ants fought in Concord, should be placed observations of guerilla warfare on New Jersey ground. In addition, Mrs. Treat gives an entertaining account of the granaries, aphidian dairies, slave-holding, and other 'institutions' peculiar to different tribes of ants. Following the chapters on insects are others descriptive of the insect-eating plants; utricularia, with its floating vesicles, live sarcophagi of immature mosquitoes; butterwort and sundew, whose eupeptic powers triumph over a portion of beefsteak as easily as over their normal diet of insects; and the dionæa, or fly-trap, which Mrs. Treat, in the interest of science, permitted to taste, sparingly, of one of her fingers! Her notes upon these singular plants are not only interesting to the general reader, but valuable also as data for further research in the same direction. Descriptions of Florida plants, and of the delicate wild-flowers of the New Jersey pine woods, agreeably complete the contents of the book.

#### Minor Notices.

PROBABLY few, if any, Londoners could have done for London what Mr. Laurence Hutton has just done, in preparing, with the accuracy and care born of personal interest, a guide-book to the literary haunts of that city which is much more than a guide-book. ('Literary Landmarks of London.' \$1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.) Indeed, the book is equally pleasant to own, whether one is just going abroad and is delighted with the chance, never before given, to hunt up in London, not so much famous localities as humble localities where famous people have lived, or visited, or eaten a cutlet; or whether one devotes to it, merely as literature, an evening by the fireside at home. For connected with the facts about localities are many pleasant anecdotes or bits from books or letters, those given in connection with Shakespeare and with Thackeray being perhaps the most interesting. Of the literary haunts that are described, many are now difficult to locate; but the present book enables one to find the vicinity even if the house has disappeared. To the cursory glance the volume appears to be a compilation of brief biographies; but nothing of the kind is attempted. The arrangement has wisely been made alphabetically instead of chronologically, and two exhaustive indexes, one of persons and one of places, enable the reader to refer with ease to the desired information. The book is unique, and certainly 'fills a want.'

THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE at Washington issues a pamphlet on 'Planting Trees in School Grounds,' with practical directions for best securing success with them, and with selections appropriate for the 'Arbor Day' exercises which are becoming popular. It is an excellent idea to enlist public sympathy in so good a cause, and it is to be wished that the Government could dictate for the right arrangement of 'timber claims' on the prairie, so that not only the number of trees required should be faithfully set out, but that they should be set in ways practically useful

\* 1. Life and Work in Benares and Kumaon: 1839-77. By James Kennedy. \$2. New York: Cassell & Co.

2. Samuel Gobat, Bishop of Jerusalem. \$2. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

† Home Studies in Nature. By Mary Treat, author of Chapters on Ants, etc. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

and beautiful. At present the law requires a certain number of acres to be covered with trees 'not more than twelve feet apart.' Nothing is said about their not being *less* than twelve feet apart, and as it is found easier, for some reason, to huddle them all together, many of the 'timber claims' of central Kansas are a ludicrous and melancholy spectacle of a judicious law carried out to the letter but completely violated in spirit.

A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch of Montalembert has been prepared with care and the personal enthusiasm that all such work ought to receive, by Joseph Walter Wiltach. (New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.) It is deeply interesting and brings the man and his time vividly before one. We venture to think it was worthy of more durable form than the pamphlet covers in which it appears, and that it deserved to be made outwardly permanent enough to rank with the noble and beautiful life of Montalembert's friend, Lacordaire. — 'WATCH- AND CLOCK-MAKING,' by David Glasgow, with sixty-nine diagrams (Cassell & Co.), is an elaborate and exhaustive manual, intended as a text-book for technical classes, and as a book of reference for the practical workman. It is not uninteresting, however, for a general reader to turn over and gain some conception of the intelligence and labor which have been devoted to the subject.

### American Oriental Society.

THE annual meeting of the American Oriental Society was held in Boston the first week of this month (Wednesday, May 6th), and was of rather more than usual interest. The same officers were chosen as last year. A half-volume of the Journal was announced as nearly through the press. The Society has lost ten Corporate and two Honorary members during the last year. The latter were the veteran and celebrated scholars Lepsius of Berlin and Régnier of Paris; the former list included such names as those of Prof. Packard of Yale College, Mr. J. W. Barrow and Rabbi Huebsch of this city, Mr. Stephen Salisbury of Worcester, etc. Their due commemoration occupied no small part of the session. Near twenty communications were offered, those on Egyptian and on Sanskrit subjects being the most numerous. In the former division, Rev. L. Dickerman presented ably the reasons for doubting the genuineness of the claimed discovery of Pithom; Rev. Mr. Winslow gave a summary of the evidence alleged in favor of the claim; while Prof. J. A. Paine answered Mr. Dickerman's objections. In the absence of Mr. Whitehouse, there was presented a paper by him, finding references to a canal, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, etc., in the blessing of Joseph (Gen. XLIX.). The discovery was not received with favor by the Semitic scholars present. Prof. T. O. Paine gave some particulars from his illustrated work on the Holy Houses (of the Bible), now about to appear. Prof. I. H. Hall described certain Greek stamps on *amphora* in the Metropolitan Museum, reported a new Greek inscription from Tartosa in Syria, and offered one or two other brief papers on kindred subjects. Prof. Lyon gave an account of recent progress in Assyriology. Prof. Avery analyzed and illustrated the character of the Garo language of Assam. Mr. Warren spoke of Buddhist and other more modern Hindu superstitions connected with sneezing; and Prof. Whitney added a passage from an unpublished Brâhmana upon the same subject. Prof. Hopkins stated his reasons for rejecting Burnell's recent attempt to fix the date of Manu's law-book at about 500 A.D.; and Prof. Whitney discussed the connection of the same work with the Mânava school of Vedic study, deeming it an unproved conjecture. Prof. Whitney also reported his work on Sanskrit roots, verb-forms, and primary derivatives, as nearly through the press, described its character, and gave some of the results for the history of the language derivable from its classified indexes of tense- and conjugation-stems. Prof. Lanman drew from the same work (advance-sheets) certain conclu-

sions as to varieties of present-stem coming from one root; and further described a manuscript of a Sanskrit philosophical treatise at present in his hands. Prof. Edgren, now of the Nebraska University, also had sent in a paper on a point in Sanskrit grammar. The Society holds its next meeting in this city, in October.

### Hellas.

[A pendant to THE CRITIC's late review of Andrew Lang's "Custom and Myth."]'

'Tis not where sculpture rules a world grown dim,  
Fair Hellas lies, so dear to poet's heart—  
Not in the galleries of sacred art,  
Where group the old gods maimed in trunk and limb;  
Nor is it where enchanted islands swim  
The warm Ægean waves, nor where, apart,  
Through rosy mists Olympian heights upstart,  
And float like dreams on the horizon's rim.  
Ah! where is Hellas, then? 'Tis where fresh eyes  
Look forth with love on Nature's face again;  
There dreams spring up, and fairy visions rise  
And hallowed fanes appear by cliff and glen:  
In the warm breast of Nature, Hellas lies—  
Great mother of all gods and godlike men.

O. C. AURINGER.

### The Lounger

WHEN I read in the morning papers last week the following lines, written for the Gordon cenotaph in Westminster Abbey, I thought the Poet Laureate had fallen below the dead level of incoherent mediocrity attained in his poem on the Fleet:

Warrior of God—Man's Friend—  
Not here below,  
Thou livest in all men's hearts,  
For all men know this earth hath borne  
No simpler, nobler man.

But the corrected version printed in the *Post* the same evening—with a note saying that the epitaph was written by Lord Tennyson at Mr. Whittier's request—put the matter in a better light. It ran as follows:

Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,  
But somewhere dead in the far waste Soudan,  
Thou livest in all hearts; for all men know  
This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man.

THIS is at least not gibberish. It is commonplace, to be sure; but it is rhythmical and intelligible, and not unpoetic. Though far inferior to the earlier epitaph, no one can read it without being reminded of the Laureate's lines on Sir John Franklin's cenotaph in the same Abbey:

Not here! The white North has thy bones; and thou,  
Heroic sailor-soul,  
Art passing on thy happier voyage now  
Toward no earthly pole.

The *Brooklyn Magazine* has made the discovery that, at the Carroll Park Library, Brooklyn, 'Hawthorne and Thackeray are the most popular of American writers of the past.' I wonder what standing Mrs. Oliphant has there, among 'American writers' of the present!

'To me, the most notable thing about the recent Authors' Readings,' writes a correspondent, 'was the singular variety of American humor the two days brought out—Will Carleton, Bunner, Hawthorne's "dry fun," Beecher in "The Dandelion," Stockton's sequel to "The Lady and the Tiger," Smith's Southern humor, Howells's pleasant wit, Eggleston's, and—above all—Mark Twain's monologue. No two were alike.' What struck me was, that while some of the most finished literary work suffered in the hands of its creators when they came to interpret it themselves, the narrative poem which Mr. Carleton recited gained a thousandfold. I find very little to admire in Mr. Carleton's farm-ballads when I read them quietly to myself; but there was so much in the one he read at the Madison Square Theatre a fortnight since, and his interpretation added so much to its interest, that it took almost all the life and color out of the readings that preceded and followed it.



OWING to the clumsy construction of a sentence in 'Society in London: By a Resident Foreigner,' the author of 'that unequal book of bread-and-butter, milk-and-water tittle-tattle' seems to claim for himself the honor of having been introduced to various London editors as 'responsible for *The Pall Mall Gazette*.' The editor of that brilliant though somewhat sensational newspaper accordingly prints a note to deny that the author of 'Society in London' has ever been 'responsible for *The Pall Mall*.' Considering the unpopularity of the *Gazette's* Russian policy, this timely notice may save the anonymous author much annoyance. It was not for this, however, that Mr. Stead printed the note. His chief concern, no doubt, was to show that the *Gazette* is not responsible for the so-called 'resident foreigner.'

A BOOK written in English by a Siamese traveller, and published at Bangkok last year, has been sent for notice to *The Hampden Sidney Magazine*. It is called 'A Narrative of Four Years Spent in America,' and bears upon its title-page the name of Moang Thukhada. Mr. Thukhada studied English for two years in Philadelphia, and having mastered it in all its parts, married the daughter of 'a gentleman of the trade of keepers of saloons,' and in due time returned to his native country. He reveals the chain of reasoning which led him to write the story of his American life in what he is pleased to call English: 'I consider the language to be the chief charm of all America,' he says—and it certainly is the chief charm of his 'Narrative!' 'Now, if I write my book in my own language, my people having it read, will know not all the English language, only the American manners; but if my book I write in English, they perceive the beauty, the elegance, and all the number-oneness, as the Americans would say, of the language which I did learn, and which they will desire to learn, from the lips of natives.'

How the Siamese are to see all the number-oneness of a language which they have yet to learn is a little more than I can see; but then, as we have learned from Mrs. Leonowens, the Siamese are a peculiar people, and not to be judged by ordinary standards. Moreover, had not Mr. Thukhada written his book in a pigeon-English of his own, we should never have had the pleasure of knowing his opinion of Philadelphia girls, and their crimps, bangs and 'Langtry knots.' 'The ladies of this city are much peculiar; their hair, for the greater part, is blonde, but yet seems never pretty and nice to look at, for its locks are ever in disorder on the fore part of the head, and in the rear it takes shape what natives call Langtry knot, and which is ugly.' I fear Mrs. T. will find it hard to get along with a man who has such decided notions on subjects of this sort.

### The Fleet.

(ON ITS REPORTED INSUFFICIENCY.)

(Lord Tennyson, in the *London Times*.)

You—you—if you have fail'd to understand—  
The Fleet of England is her all in all—

On you will come the curse of all the land,  
If that Old England fall,  
Which Nelson left so great—

This isle, the mightiest naval Power on earth,  
This one small isle, the lord of every sea—  
Poor England, what would all these votes be worth,  
And what avail thine ancient fame of 'Free,  
Wert thou a fallen State?

You—you—who had the ordering of her Fleet,  
If you have only compass'd her disgrace,  
When all men starve, the wild mob's million feet  
Will kick you from your place—  
But then—too late, too late.

### To Jean Ingelow.

[Susan Coolidge's poem to Poems of the Old Days and the New.]

WHEN youth was high, and life was new,  
And days sped musical and fleet,  
She stood amid the morning dew,  
And sang her earliest measures sweet,—  
Sang as the lark sings, speeding fair  
To touch and taste the purer air,  
To gain a nearer view of Heaven;  
'Twas then she sang 'The Songs of Seven.'

Now, farther on in womanhood,  
With trained voice and ripened art,  
She gently stands where once she stood,  
And sings from out her deeper heart.  
Sing on, dear Singer! sing again;  
And we will listen to the strain,  
Till soaring earth greets bending Heaven,  
And seven-fold songs grow seventy-seven.

### Cowper.

[Herbert B. Garrod, in *The Spectator*.]

As o'er the hushed hills and the sleeping plain,  
After long hours, the weary watcher sees  
The night grow pale, and hears amid the trees  
The wind that swooned at even wake again;  
While one by one the starry clusters wane,  
Till, lonely left, more silvery clear than these,  
Mild Phosphor rules the dawn's soft mysteries,  
Ushering in Hyperion's golden reign;  
So, taking simple Nature for its theme,  
Thy gentle song, inspired with purpose high,  
Shot through the latter dusk a welcome gleam,  
Gracing afresh the realms of Poesy,  
And sparkling purely with its playful beam  
In herald-radiance told of Wordsworth nigh.

### The Intellectual Charm of War.

[From *The Spectator*.]

It must, we fear, be admitted that, except with a very few men upon whom the feminine side of Christianity—the side which preaches resignation—has taken a strong hold, or who realize with painful thoroughness the horrors inseparable from battle, war, as such, has for cultivated mankind a distinct intellectual charm. It attracts them as nothing else does, until in its presence they cannot turn their eyes away, and every other subject of thought becomes comparatively insipid, and this even if the war is not one in which they are personally concerned. Of course, if they are, their absorption is easily explained. The results of a war are so tremendous and far-reaching, they affect all interests so deeply, and they may involve the future of a country so inextricably, that it is impossible for men who have any patriotic or political imagination at all not to study its progress, and even its minute details, with concentrated attention. One big blunder in war may prostrate a nation. Even when, as is rarely the case, invasion is out of the question, the incidents of a campaign, the conduct of the troops, the capacity or imbecility of the generals, become matters of personal and vital interest,—a victory seems a pleasure beyond all others, a defeat a cruel and individual catastrophe. Men's interests, their hopes, their virtues, their foibles, and their fears are so involved in a war in which the nation is engaged, that every turn of fortune is an event of personal moment, and the excitement becomes as intense as if the onlooker were himself engaged. Men have been known to go mad with joy after a great victory, and to sicken mortally of the grief produced by a great defeat, and this in cases when, as it turned out, neither victory nor defeat lingered long in the general memory. There is nothing to be explained in that kind of interest; but the intellectual charm of war extends much further than this. Wars which are not ours interest us nearly as much as wars which are. Scores of thousands of Englishmen followed the great American Civil War with an attention which missed no detail; and the European world watched the duel between France and Germany with a gaze which was almost painful in its intensity of watchfulness. The journals, which always reflect the popular curiosity better than the popular thought, were full of nothing else; and the excitement was felt as keenly by men ordinarily devoted to study as by men who had been soldiers, or—a curiously common case in a nation so devoted to civil pursuits—were soldiers by inner prepossession. It is usual to ascribe this attraction to unconscious self-interest, a desire that one or the other side should win; but we do not think that has very much to do with the matter. The onlookers in a war take sides, no doubt, often enthusiastically, and with a persistence which it is not easy to explain; but it is not because of their hopes or fears that they become so absorbed. They are hardly less attracted by the wars of history, which they ought to regard without passion; and there may be keen excitement, though they fail to decide which side they wished to win. The English people in the Franco-German War swerved distinctly from one side to the other; but they watched Gambetta and Chanzy with as much interest as they had watched Bismarck

and Von Moltke. Moreover, invisible wars, though they may strongly affect the interests of men, do not exercise this attraction. The war waged by France in Tonquin has hardly been watched at all, while the two great Chinese wars of our day have hardly received anything beyond casual mention, and never, even when in progress, excited the slightest popular attention. Yet the war in Tonquin was in many respects the most important Colonial war of our time; and the two Chinese wars were, in the strangeness of their incidents and their awful consumption of human life, among the phenomenal occurrences of the century.

We suspect the truth to be that it is the variety of the excitements offered by war which, when the details are visible, so rapidly diffuses interest in them through classes the most diverse or far apart. Some, perhaps the majority, are attracted almost solely by the dramatic effects of a campaign. The changes in war are so rapid and so wonderful, the action is so continuous, the situations are so scenic, that the spectators who perceive these things are lost in a kind of excitement. War fevers them as a spectacular drama fevers children. The sense of surprise which lies so deep in human nature, and is the mainspring at once of laughter and of rage, is constantly being evoked, as it is evoked by nothing else. No battle is ever quite certain, nor was there ever a campaign in which it was not possible that individual genius might create situations, or cause catastrophes of the most entirely unexpected kind. History itself—which, being past, is unchangeable—seems modified when the old army is beaten by the new one; and when Napoleon crushes the Austrians, or Von Moltke crushes the French, there is as much of material for amazement as if new forces from Heaven had descended into the field. Men love surprise; and no surprise could be greater than that of the skilled onlooker when Koeniggratz revealed the powers of the needle-gun, and Speicheren showed to what kind of dreadful discipline the Prussian Army had been wrought-up. Many spectators, again, who care less for dramatic effects, feel intensely the historic aspect of war, the light it throws on the martial capacities of the different peoples, on their organization, and on their aspirations. 'These Germans, then, are not dreamers.' 'These French are only great when they win.' 'These Russians die in heaps uselessly.' 'These Arabs are heroes.' Such revelations as these, palpable and unmistakable, beyond argument as beyond alteration, enchant observers with historic minds, and seem to them to throw on the past a stronger light even than on the present. They feel in themselves that they know what they previously only fancied, and are as delighted, sometimes, we fear, as callously delighted, as physiologists with a successful experiment on the living. To this writer, for example, the true 'charm' of the Soudanese war, which he followed in every detail, was the marvellous light it flung on the whole history of the Arabs, the difference it made to his whole view of Asia, to see that there were tribes still existing in whom were all the capacities for war which once changed the fate, and the face, of half the world. Then there is the passionate interest excited by great individualities. Nothing arouses this like war, because no human being, except sometimes a great king, is so visible, so transparent as far as his capacities are concerned, as a great general. His strokes, his ideas, his shifts, are studied like those of a superior being, and whole nations wince if he has made a palpable mistake, or is cut-off before he has executed his plans. The portrait-gallery of the mind, which to many men—to all good diplomats, for example—is more interesting than even history, gets thoroughly filled in war. It is Wellington who interests, not the British Army; it is the fate of Gordon that attracts, not that of Khartoum. So widely-spread is this feeling, that between 1800 and 1815 the thoughts of nations fixed themselves upon Napoleon till he filled an unnatural space in their imaginations, and came to be regarded as if he had supernatural methods of controlling war. For ten years at least his death would throughout Europe have instantly altered every soldier's opinion of the chances of his own army. And finally, there is the interest in the mighty 'game' itself, in the moves on the 'measureless table d'èch,' which secure victory or insure defeat. If the faculty of strategy—strategy as distinguished from tactics—is not much more widely-spread than is believed—and we have heard good soldiers say that every first-rate huntsman is a general spoiled—the interest in strategy is; and it is one of the most absorbing kind. Of the thousands who watch the turns of a campaign, hundreds, whether qualified or not, form an opinion as to the merits of the last move, and the necessity for the next; and when it is made, feel all the delight or pain of personal success or failure. One rarely meets the mute, inglorious Milton; but the non-fighting Jomini is at every corner, and though often a fool, is occasionally sin-

gularly sharp-witted. Add to the lovers of great drama, to the lovers of history, to the enthusiasts for ability, and to the men who delight in chess with a country for table and brigades for pieces, the uncountable crowd who only feel alive when emotions are strong and dangers great, and events cataclysmal, and we shall understand pretty fairly the wide diffusion of the interest in war, which develops in some minds, often belonging to sedentary people, into a consuming passion. To such a man—and he is not always as bad as Quakers think—life is never vivid or interesting, except when nations, among whom perhaps he has never lived, are struggling with each other to make history go their way.

### Pertinacity in Wooing.

[From *The Spectator*.]

WE have been amused with some of the comments on the case of the 'Queen v. Helmore,' as marking, with other circumstances, an odd change in opinion on the subject of courtship. G. F. Helmore, an 'agent,' was charged last week, before the Central Criminal Court, with threatening Miss Alice Grierson, daughter of a railway manager, and was, on unanswerable evidence, convicted. He had, it appears, persecuted the young lady for eleven years with his attentions, sending her letters and presents incessantly, haunting her walks, pursuing her to Paris, whither she went to avoid him, defying and menacing her guardians, and finally descending to threats of physical violence against herself. He would murder her, he would throw vitrol over her, he would pistol her, he would kill any one she favored, and so on, the threats increasing in virulence as time progressed. The prisoner declared the threats were meaningless, and his counsel was eloquent on love's lunacy; but there was some evidence that the young lady was in actual danger, the records of our Courts are full of cases in which such threats have been made good, and the Judge, taking a severe view of the whole matter, sentenced the accused to fifteen months' hard labor, besides demanding recognisances to the amount of £900 that he would keep the peace for twelve months from the time of his liberation. That is no light penalty for being insane with love; but persecution of that kind may—and, in this case, no doubt did—amount to a moral torture of the keenest sort, and we have nothing to say about either verdict or sentence except that the latter was severe. We are, however, a little struck to perceive in the comments on the affair that a lover's pursuit, if continued for any length of time, is now-a-days regarded as of itself something of an offence, of which the lady may fairly complain, and which her family are entitled, or rather bound, to treat as an insult or an outrage. That was not the idea of our fathers and mothers a hundred or even fifty years ago. They would have thought Helmore worthy of punishment for his threats, and would probably have inflicted it without much help from the Law Courts, and in a very savage way; but they would have quoted the length of the pursuit as the only redeeming feature on his part in the business, and have talked of 'constancy' and a 'cruel fair' in a tone bespeaking anything but hostility to the accused. Their idea was that a man who could keep warm an unreturned affection through his entire youth had some fine elements of character in him, and that he in some sort deserved, if not reward, at least pity and consideration. He was, unless too violent, the victim of a malady as creditable as melancholy or gout. It was, in fact, part of the established etiquette that the lover should be pertinacious and a little obtrusive, that he should disregard any signs of coldness or even anger from his love, and that he should treat opposition from her family as a difficulty which to a true lover would only be an additional incentive. To have suffered in love's cause, even by a ducking, was to have earned a social decoration. Years wasted in the hopeless pursuit of a girl who did not wish to be pursued were regarded as years creditably spent, and, indeed, adorned with something of romance; and the general wish was that they should end in the sudden 'relenting' of the 'fair one,' who was spoken of habitually in terms derived from a supposed analogy with a besieged city. She had 'held out' nobly; but he had been bravely persevering. Jacob's service for Leah was always quoted, and was considered exceedingly creditable to Jacob, whose fate in being so mercilessly swindled at the end of his courtship it was the habit to deplore. Even when the pursuit rose to persecution—we are speaking of honest love, not seduction—and it rained letters and presents, the feeling was for the pursuer, and this not only on the part of men. Women regarded such constancy as evidence of a worship to which they were entitled, a certain hardness was cultivated as a mark of breeding, and there are old ladies still alive who will tell you, not without innocent little



signs of gratified vanity or moved feeling, how long and how unfortunately they were besieged by men they never accepted, or did accept after all. Pertinacity in wooing was considered, in fact, strong evidence of the genuineness of affection; and an unsuccessful courtship of seven years was held to be a sign almost infallible that the marriage would be a happy one. There was something in our forefathers' judgment of true ardor in that long pursuit, and of the essence of chastity in that long resistance, and a tale of the kind was told by kinsfolk with a certain family pride, or a sense that rigid etiquette had been observed with the fidelity which converts such observances into triumphs.

We rather think all this is becoming changed. Novelists are inclined to describe heroes who are too constant as very troublesome and a little ungentelemanly, and to speak of pursuit by a rejected lover as persecution of a kind justifying extreme anger on the lady's part. We have read a story or two lately in which she speaks so strongly that it would be a relief to the reader if there were an accepted form of swearing for ladies' use. If there is hope, the lover may go on—Ayala's Angel, in fact, proposes three times—but if there is none, the suitor's duty is to efface himself, get out of the way, and console himself as he best can. African travel was, we think, Mr. Trollope's idea for a manly young fellow—as in 'Orley Farm'—instead of obstinate pursuit; but he was sometimes merciful, and insisted only on the United States, as in 'Ayala's Angel.' There has come among men an idea that constancy in pursuit, the constancy, at all events, which lasts for years, makes them a little ridiculous, and that continuous rejection is an affront to their *amour propre* which it is not quite manly to bear. As a counsel of perfection, constancy is excellent; but as a practical course, it is held to be too like turning the other cheek. They pity each other when one of them shows a disposition to 'spoon' for years; and in the pity there is something of the contempt which the young dread so much to excite. A long engagement may be endured still, as anything else is endured when money is in the way; but a long courtship without apparent success is held to be slightly weak. You should win in one year, certainly, and a year is a long time. At the same time the young women have learned to think such a lover in the way, and injurious to their chances, and, in short, if he is at all obtrusive, a nuisance rather than an object of respect. The mothers, too, do not like the persistent wooers, thinking them more or less detrimental; and the fathers, though they are more tolerant, wonder, like their sons, why aspirants, in an age like this, should be so weakly firm. The rejected who persist seem to them like the men who, having got into a groove for which they are unfit, plod on in it, rather than try again. It is a little difficult to describe such a change, which, in the nature of things, can hardly have occurred within one man's experience, and which is rather in the atmosphere of courtship than in its laws; but of its occurrence we have little doubt. Much of it is due, of course, to the mere enlargement of society, from facilities of communication, which allows to both sexes rather a wider range of choice. In days when men hardly travelled, and women lived without change, the lover never ceased to be tempted, and, in a limited circle, perhaps could find but one attraction. Some of it also may be ascribed to the greater perception of the value of time, and the growing inability to spend years about anything except, indeed, the making of a fortune. 'Seven years spent in a courtship!' says the modern lover, 'as well spend seven centuries; life is too short for constancy so long drawn-out as that.' But the main reason of the change is, we think, the growth in society of an idea which is strictly romantic, and is, therefore, in a prosaic age, perhaps all the more powerful,—the idea, namely, that the lovers who are suited to each other will recognize each other quickly, and that the old siege is an absurdity, an attempt to produce by persuasion from without what can only be produced by an instinct from within. The belief in persuasion has not decreased, but the belief in its effect has, till the lover who so succeeded would be apt to think that he had won only a poverty-stricken love,—not wealth, but alms granted to importunity. It seems absurd, with so much cynicism round us on all sides, to say that the belief in 'love at first sight,' which our fathers held to be the extremity of romance, has distinctly deepened; but we really believe it to be true. Men and women explain such love otherwise than of old, theorizing sometimes about magnetism, and rejecting Romeo and Juliet altogether; but they admit it to be true, without any sense of any need for apology, and without fear of being accused of inexperience. We never see a novel now in which the heroine does not end by acknowledging that she fell in love at a glance, and hear every day of proposals made with a rapidity which the older generation would have pronounced to the last degree foolish and indiscreet.

'It takes a year, my dear,' said a remonstrant old lady, 'to know a man, and then you know nothing about him;' and at heart she thought the adage, 'Happy the wooing that's not long a-doing,' either a bit of satire or applicable only to long engagements. We do not know that the change does much mischief, and rather sympathize with the notion that very long pursuit indicates a doubt on the side of the pursued which will never be entirely removed; but there was something to be said for the old method too. There was discipline in it of a healthy kind, and a sort of certainty that the lover was not seeking a wife but this one woman, and could be contented with no other, which had in it something of the essence of love. Women, too, can hardly gain from acknowledging that they do not expect, or do not wish, perseverance in pursuit, and had rather forget their suitors if they do not take them. Still, each age has its fashions in courtship as in everything else; all things tend alike to a certain rapidity—mark the distinct decrease in the interval between death and burial which has been silently secured in the teeth of the old etiquettes—and we only record a change which, though little marked, has had a decided effect on manners.

### Current Criticism

**HYPOTHETICAL DENUNCIATIONS** :—Lord Tennyson published in Thursday's *Times* a bit of doggerel which his many and warm admirers will greatly regret. It is addressed apparently to the Government, and is a hypothetical denunciation of them, *if* they have neglected the Navy, for having done so. The denunciation, though couched in the conditional—to Conservatives we might almost say the *optative*—mood (so earnestly do they seem to hope that the charges brought against the Ministry in relation to the Navy are true), had better have been levelled straight at them. These hypothetical denunciations are not poetical; and unless Lord Tennyson was sufficiently sure of the neglect to assume it as true, he should not have attempted a poetical invective at all. As it is, his verses make a very lame invective, reminding us rather of Mr. Silas Wegg than of Lord Tennyson. As we read its inarticulate wrath, and its limping prediction of the 'kicks' of the mob, we cannot but say of Lord Tennyson, as Dickens said of his unpoetical hero, 'he declines and he falls.'—*The Spectator*.

**A DREARY STRUGGLE** :—The truth is, English language and English literature are both so extensive, so varied, and so complex in their origin and history, that it is hardly possible for one man to command either of them completely. Both, too, are surrounded with the most formidable external difficulties. The student of English has not, like the classical or Oriental scholar, the command of a host of native grammarians, editors, and commentators; the metal is not handed down to him pure and bright; but he has to dig for the ore himself; he has himself to edit his texts from the MSS., and make his own grammars and dictionaries as he goes along. Now, too, that the sloth of our universities has allowed the Germans almost completely to annex the philology of English, life has become, for the few Englishmen who think it ignominious to let foreigners drive them away from the study of their mother tongue, a dreary struggle with German periodicals—an unintermittent sifting of hideously-written abhandlungen, programmes, excursuses, entgegnungs, abwehrs, reclamations, etc., for the few grains of wheat they may contain.—*Henry Sweet, in The Academy*.

**AN OFFERED BRIBE** :—Lord Lytton, who has written a vast quantity of very pretty verses, has written but little poetry in the truest sense. Any poet might be proud to have written the really beautiful stanzas beginning

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;

and 'Aux Italiens,' penned in a somewhat lighter mood, is a model of the half-mirthful, half-melancholy threnody a cynical man of pleasure and of the world should write, if he wants to write rhyme about a dead mistress and his opera-hat. If spontaneity is not the greatest of a poet's gifts, it is surely one of the most essential. And it is a gift which nature has but grudgingly bestowed on the author of 'Lucile' and 'Glenaveril.' He seldom sings 'because he must,' or 'pipes but as the linnet sings.' He scarce aspires to the noble ideal which it vexes every true poetic soul to find unattainable. He cannot very heartily sympathize with the dreamers of impossible idealities. He can hardly conceive such persons as living beings, or, at any rate, his mind cannot focus them clearly enough to enable him to draw their portraits. The vulgar craving for worldly and social success he can well understand; and it is but consistent that his hero should

attempt to bribe Emanuel Müller from his theological studies by telling him that if he will settle in England he may become 'Sir Emanuel Miller, K.C.B.

### Notes

LORD TENNYSON is writing an historical drama, a sequel to 'Becket,' and is collecting his detached poems, which will be issued with new lyrics.

'Red Ryvington,' by William Westall, translator of Stepniak's works, and 'Poverty Corner,' by George Manville Fenn, will soon be issued by Cassell & Co. in their new Summer Novel Series. The same house will shortly publish Richard Jefferies's 'After London; or, Wild England,' in which 'the John Burroughs of England,' setting himself several centuries forward in imagination, describes the disappearance of London, and the reversion of England into a savage land.

Jean Ingelow's new book, 'Poems of the Old Days and the New,' has just been issued by Roberts Bros.

James R. Osgood & Co.'s liabilities are stated at \$222,489 and their assets at \$278,086. The liabilities of the Heliotype Printing Co. are \$43,000 and their assets \$58,000.

Revised editions of Brewer's 'Reader's Handbook' and 'Dictionary of Miracles' are about to be issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co., who also announce a new book of reference—a 'Concise Cyclopædia,' in which nearly 12,000 subjects are treated in 1340 pages. The editor of this work, Mr. William Heaton, has been assisted in its preparation by a corps of specialists.

Edward Everett Hale has been chosen to deliver the Commencement Address at Lasell Seminary next month.

'The Chief Periods of European History' will be dealt with by Professor Freeman at Oxford this term. His six lectures are entitled Europe before the Roman Power, Rome the Head of Europe, Rome and the New Nations, The Divided Empire, Survivals of Empire, and Europe without Rome.

At a recent sale of autographs, in London, thirteen letters by Dean Swift to Alderman Barber fetched about \$820, and the original manuscript of Burns's 'Tam O'Shanter' and 'The Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots,' about \$760.

Mr. William Ralston Balch, author of a Life of James G. Blaine, compiler of the monumental 'Mines and Mining,' of 'Garfield's Maxims,' and of several useful handbooks, has become editor-in-chief and manager of the Philadelphia *Herald*, a sprightly afternoon paper. Mr. Julius Chambers, author of 'A Mad World' and 'On a Margin,' is associated with Mr. Balch in the enterprise.

'Venetian Life,' in two volumes, and Mr. Burroughs's 'Wake-Robin' will be issued next Wednesday in the Riverside Aldine Series. 'The Russian Revolt' and 'A Marsh Island' will be published by the same house—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—at the same time.

The Academy says that a clay medallion of Carlyle (suitable for working in marble), and a drawing of a tablet to surround it, have been prepared by Mr. C. F. A. Voysey, a member of the Carlyle Society, and that the Society has obtained permission to place the memorial on the wall of Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row. Intending subscribers should address Mr. C. Oscar Gridley, 9 Duke Street, London Bridge, S.E.

Mr. Murray will publish this month a volume of letters written by the late Lord Beaconsfield to the members of his family, describing a tour in the Mediterranean in 1830-31 for the benefit of his health.

Amongst the contributors to this week's *Independent* are Horace Scudder, Benson Lossing, R. H. Stoddard, Edith Thomas, Dr. Austin Phelps, Prof. Boyesen, Maurice Thompson, and E. E. Hale.

Charles Scribner's Sons issue a new edition of Stepniak's 'Russia Under the Tsars,' with the following preface dated 'London, April 26,' and signed 'S. Stepniak':—'I readily comply with the kind desire of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, in declaring that I authorize this American reprint of my 'Russia Under the Tsars.' It is among Englishmen that my attempts to expose the truth about Russian conditions found the most indulgent ear, and my appeals in favor of Russian liberty the most touching sympathy. And I was extremely pleased and proud to learn that on the other side of the ocean, the people of the great nation to whom Europe owes so much for its present liberty, has shown also an interest in my modest efforts. I can only congratulate myself with this new proof of their kindness,

and hope that the 'Russia Under the Tsars' may contribute its part in inducing the public opinion of the great American nation to unite its powerful voice in favor of Russian liberty, and in condemnation of the Tzarism. This will be one of the guaranties of the prompt cessation of the horrors, one small part of which the reader will find described in this volume.

The *Century* is now issued in London a day or two earlier than in New York, so as to secure copyright in England as well as in America. The same plan will be adopted with *St. Nicholas*.

Mr. Howells is vying with Mr. James in the matter of rapidity in writing stories and printing them. 'Silas Lapham' is still current in *The Century*, 'An Indian Summer' will be begun in the July *Harper's*, and now a new serial is announced, the first chapters of which will appear in the August *Century*. The last-mentioned is said to deal with the fortunes of a country boy in Boston, and with the perplexities, on his account, of the minister (one of the minor characters in 'Silas Lapham') who has tried to help him with advice.

A collection of unpublished letters written by Thackeray, during a period of fifteen years, to one who had been an intimate college friend, is said to have been placed in the hands of Mr. Charles G. Leland by the lady to whom it belongs. It is to be hoped that he will let this treasure see the light.

A French imitation of 'The Battle of Dorking' is delighting the Parisians. It is called 'The Battle of Rheims in 1904, and Recapture of Metz and Strasbourg,' and is dedicated to Prince Bismarck.

The *Publishers' Circular*, of London, is not surprised at the number of quarrels between authors and publishers which are shown in the recent report of the Incorporated Society of Authors. It would be interesting, it thinks, if a union of publishers compiled an account of their experiences in a similar way, 'summing up their dead losses, and their torments from petulant writers.'

Following the example of a leading English journal, the *Philadelphia Weekly Press* proposes to learn who is the most popular of living American story-writers, who of orators and who of statesmen. The person naming the three who get the most votes will receive a copy of Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, the next best voter will get Worcester's *Unabridged*, the third Brewer's *Library of References*, the fourth Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Song*. Votes may be sent on postal cards.

Nearly \$3000 have been paid by the Scribners to the American authors represented in their popular series of short stories. It is to be hoped they may some day find the material for a second series of equal merit.

Mr. J. Addington Symonds is assisting Mr. Henry J. Wharton in the preparation of an English edition of Sappho. The book is to contain an ideal portrait of the famous lyrical poet, after Alma Tadema; and it will be in two parts, the first giving a popular account of all that is known of Sappho's history, and the second containing the Greek text of every fragment of her writing that has come down to us, together with a literal prose translation, and all the better renderings into English verse that have been made of them. Twenty-five large-paper copies will be printed, and ten of these, together with 250 of the small, will constitute the American edition of the work, which will be published by Jansen, McClurg & Co.

The *Publishers' Weekly* prints the following sketch of one of the leading publishing-houses of the Hub:—Roberts Bros. will remove from their old quarters on the first of June to the Silas Pierce residence, No. 3 Somerset Street. This is the first time that this firm has found it necessary to remove. Their long stay at 299 (formerly 143) Washington—about twenty-five years—has been an eventful one. Commencing with the manufacture of photograph albums, in '61, and entering the publishing field in '63, when they published the first volume of Jean Ingelow's *Poems*, which reached a sale of 50,000 copies in a few months, and which established their standing among the prominent publishing houses of the country, on to the present time, the old stand bears witness of notable events in publishing. In 1866, 25,000 copies of 'Ecce Homo' were disposed of. A year later 'Ecce Deus' appeared. In 1868 appeared that wonderful book, 'Little Women,' which has thus far outstripped everything of its kind—over 175,000 copies having been sold. Later on appeared 'An Old-Fashioned Girl,' of which it took 24,000 copies to supply first orders, 'Little Men,' with its 45,000 copies, and 'Pink and White Tyranny,' 30,000, all were packed and shipped in a month and a half. Other works by Miss Alcott appeared, embracing 'Work,' 'Eight Cousins,' 'Rose in Bloom,' etc., making over 500,000 copies of her works that have been sold.



Thousands of copies of other prominent books, including the Ingraham books, 'Prince of the House of David,' 'Pillar of Fire,' and 'Throne of David,' have also passed through its doors. Here also the No Name Series was conceived, which now comprises 33 volumes, with a circulation of upward of 150,000 volumes. The firm consists now, as formerly, of Lewis A. Roberts and Thomas Niles (all newspaper correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding), and expect to excel, in their new quarters, their record in the old.

—New York, which has long had a Shakspeare Inn, can now boast a Shakspeare Society, the organization of which was completed on the 5th inst. Among the organizing members are Appleton Morgan (President), R. S. Guernsey, Albert R. Frey, Hamilton W. Mabie, Brander Matthews, James E. Reynolds, A. Chalmers Hinton, and Charles C. Marble (Secretary). About two hundred applications for membership will be considered at the next meeting, on Tuesday, May 19, and a paper on 'Sir William Davenant and the First Shakspearean Revival' will be read and discussed. Mr. J. O. Halliwell Phillips was the first Honorary Member to be elected to this new Society, the requirements of admission to which are very liberal, not debaring, we believe, even those who hold the theory that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays. The Society's motto is appropriate to its object:

In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

—According to the London *Literary World*, the Incorporated Society of Authors, which held its general meeting last month, now numbers 302 members, including those in America and foreign countries. The actual work begun and being carried on by the committee may be regarded as falling under three heads—(1) the reform of the Copyright Laws, (2) the relations between authors and publishers, (3) the protection and assistance of authors. With respect to the Copyright Laws, a bill will be drawn up by the Society's honorary counsel, and many promises of support have been received from members of both Houses of Parliament.

—An amateurs' salesroom has been opened at 22 John Street under the patronage of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the direction of Mr. V. G. Stiepevich, of the Committee of the Museum's Art School. The show-room is intended for the exhibition and sale of articles for decorative purposes only.

Austin Dobson has a brief paper on Peg Woffington, with illustrations, in the May *Magazine of Art*. There is little of a biographical nature in the article, for two reasons: one, that the material is scanty; the other, that the ground is occupied by Charles Reade's famous novelette. 'The chronicler who succeeds a romancer of genius,' says Mr. Dobson, 'is but a wingless animal at best: if he rectifies error he is impertinent; if he expands the material he is colorless and superfluous.' These be words of modesty, as well as of soberness and truth, for Mr. Dobson is no 'chronicler,' in the sense in which he writes the word.—A paper of greater local interest is 'An American Country-House'—an illustrated description of a building designed by McKim, Mead & White for Mr. C. J. Osborne, which 'reminds one somewhat, especially in its massive round towers, of a Norman château, crossed with the half-timbered house of England.' It is a noble pile, to judge from the sketches that accompany this paper, and is delightfully situated on the margin of Long Island Sound, at Mamaroneck.

—From Cox Sons, Buckley & Co. we receive a goodly volume on 'The Art of Garnishing Churches,' a manual of directions compiled, with many illustrative plates, by the Rev. Ernest Geldart, Rector of Little Braxted, Essex, England. It will prove interesting to Churchmen and Churchwomen, and will be found particularly useful at Yuletide and Easter.

—P. Blakiston, Son & Co., of Philadelphia, publish a 'Medical Directory' of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Delaware and the southern half of New Jersey, which contains 10,000 names.

—The Marquis of Lorne will succeed Lord Aberdare as President of the Royal Geographical Society next month.

—'An Emancipated Lady' writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette* to say: 'There is to be an American exhibition in London next year. What if the directors organize a Sunday section, in which specimens could be given of the pulpit oratory in favor in the United States of America? Good American preachers are better than those in England of the highest class. The former hardly ever profit by the incapacity of their hearers to contradict or audibly sift pulpit utterances.' She then goes on to praise the Rev. Robert Collyer, Dr. John Hall and Mr. Beecher, incidentally imparting the interesting information that in Brooklyn Mr. Beecher is addressed as 'Doctor.'

—Regnier the actor, who died last month at the age of seventy eight, was associated with the Comédie Française from 1831 to 1872. Since the latter date he had been a teacher of the dramatic art.

—Why does *The Saturday Review*, with a copy of *The Andover Review* in its hands, speak of that able periodical as 'a New York publication,' when it bears the imprint: 'Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'? The second title of the *Review*, it says—'a Magazine of Progressive Orthodoxy and Modern Religious Thought'—may give rise to 'thoughts.' 'It would at least be interesting to learn more definitely in what sense orthodoxy is supposed to be "progressive," unless it be simply meant that in America—and *The Andover Review* is a New York publication—no religion can hope to hold its own which does not at least arrogate that name to itself.'

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 946.**—Where can I obtain a copy of Theo. Tilton's 'Sanctum Sanctorum,' and at what price?  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. D. M.

**No. 947.**—I have a copy of Walton's 'Complete Angler,' published in London, by William Pickering, and dated 1826. The book is a 32mo and printed on fairly good paper, but spoiled by the English method of allowing very little margin on the inside of the page. Can you tell me whether the copy is a rarity, or of any particular value?  
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

W. B. M.

[The 32 mo 'Angler' was published in 1825, and sells for five or six dollars. The 16 mo edition of 1826 is worth about \$2.]

**No. 948.**—I have seen it stated—if I recollect aright, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, published in England—that Mr. Locke, a former editor of the *Sun*, was not the writer of the so-called Moon Hoax, but that he took it, with a slight alteration of the introduction, from an English magazine, the real author being a young Scotchman. The title of the English story was, I think, 'Adventures of Two Travellers in Australia.' What are the facts? Mr. Allibone, I see, gives Mr. Locke credit for the authorship of the article.  
NEW YORK CITY.

C. W.

**No. 949.**—1. In *The Century* of last November (p. 8), should not the figure of the lifeless body have the thumbs turned inwards? Is not that the position which the thumbs always take in death? 2. What is meant by color in literature? Is an exact definition of the word possible? Information would be received with pleasure by several attentive readers of *THE CRITIC*.  
SMELL SEMINARY, OAKLAND, CAL.

E. S. P.

[1. We have never observed. 2. We should say that 'color' in literature meant a certain exuberance of style. Shakspeare has it, while Addison is lacking in it. Moliere has it; Voltaire, in his plays, has not. Possibly the word came to have this meaning because visible color in animals and plants, and also in human life, is usually regarded as a sign of superabundant vitality. The word is sometimes used to signify that an author, in his descriptions, pays a great deal of attention to the colors of objects; but this can hardly be a legitimate use of the term. 'Local color' is, of course, another expression altogether.]

**No. 950.**—Will anyone who has seen an early edition of 'Robinson Crusoe' state its date?  
BOSTON, MASS.

H.

**No. 951.**—What is the meaning of the abbreviation Sc. D.?  
NEW YORK CITY.

A. E. C.

**No. 952.**—1. Can anyone tell me the meaning of this reference in Miss Yonge's 'Pillars of the House'? 'She beheld a Velleda in the noble, self-possessed, helpful woman.' 2. Or of this title of Miss Thackeray's: 'Miss Williamson's Divagations'? 3. Who is 'Monsieur Tonson come again'?  
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

C. S. S.

**No. 953.**—In reading A. W. Ward's sketch of Charles Dickens in Morley's *English Men-of-Letters*, I ran across the following passage in Chapter VI: 'Her protector, Riah, on the contrary, is a mere stage-saint, though by this character Dickens appears to have actually hoped to redeem the aspersions he was supposed to have cast upon the Jews, as if Riah could have redeemed Fagan, any more than Sheva redeemed Shylock.' I would like you to inform me in what work 'Sheva' appears, and the name of the author.  
CINCINNATI, O.

D. F. W.

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